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Table with columns for departure times to Wilmington and Long Beach, and return times from Long Beach and Wilmington.

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The One who Forgot by RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER has lost his memory from shell shock in France. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize...

NAN MARRABY, to whom he became engaged before going to the front. Nan, broken-hearted, returns to her home to care for her three motherless stepbrothers.

JOAN ENDICOTT, in London, who has encouraged her to forget Peter and marry his friend and fellow officer.

JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is resting at the home of Arnott's sister, not far from the Marray estate. Nan, in desperation, however, over Peter's reported engagement to Arnott's sister, and the financial difficulties of her father, has consented to marry.

HARLEY SEFTON, a money lender, who has promised to cancel her father's debts to him and make her a present of Peter's I O Us on their wedding day.

Arnott has just called to ask Nan whether her reported engagement is true. He tells her that Peter is not engaged to his sister, but rather has applied for immediate return to France.

The maid announces Sefton and Arnott leaves. Nan enters the room where Sefton is waiting.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY SEFTON took a bundle of papers from his pocket and flung them down on the table.

"There are your father's precious bills," he said.

Nan colored; she glanced at them, but did not pick them up. "Thank you," she said.

"By the way," he added, looking back over his shoulder, "Lyster is engaged to that little widow sister of Arnott's—I suppose you know, though—oh?"

"I heard it—but it's not true," said Nan in a strangled voice.

He laughed provokingly. "Oh, yes, it is," he said. "I met Lyster as I came along just now, and he told me himself."

John Arnott was right when he said that Peter had changed during the past few days.

He had grown irritable and morose; he took to going off for long walks by himself; he was abrupt with Arnott and seemed to avoid Doris.

It was the morning after the village had been thrilled with the news of Nan Marray's engagement that Peter announced his intention of going to London.

"It's all rot, tearing up to town like this," Arnott declared tuffly. "Most fellows are quite content to wait till they're sent for—I know I am. Don't be an ass, give up the idea."

But Peter would not; and finally Arnott drove him down to the station to catch the midday train.

As they were leaving the village they overtook Nan and the three boys—Arnott slowed down.

Nan's eyes went quickly to Lyster and away again.

"Where are you off to?" she asked as lightly as she could. Arnott answered that Peter was fed up with them and was going back to town.

Nan's blue eyes dilated. "You have soon got tired of the country," she said.

Peter did not answer; he was engrossed with the boys, who had climbed on to the footboard of the car.

"It's goodbye, then, Mr. Lyster," Nan said. After a moment's hesitation she held out her hand.

Arnott frowned as he drove on. Was Lyster a fool, he wondered impatiently, that he could not guess the meaning of the heartbreak in Nan's eyes.

For the twentieth time the impulse came to him to tell him the truth.

"I suppose," Peter said suddenly, with a sort of constraint, "I suppose it is true that Miss Marray is engaged to—Sefton?"

"Yes."

"She's throwing herself away."

"Yes," said Arnott again savagely. "There's no doubt about that?"

Lyster looked at him.

"What became of the fellow she was engaged to?" he asked.

Arnott colored.

"He treated her rottenly," he said violently. "At least—I suppose I ought not to say that—it's a mixup anyhow."

"What do you mean—a mixup?" But Arnott would say no more.

The station was in sight, and he changed the subject hurriedly.

Nan's face haunted Peter all the way to London. Her smile troubled him—and her voice—and her little tricks of manner.

He was roused from his thoughts by a jolt and a violent swerve followed by a sudden impact.

A cab coming in the opposite direction had collided with them at the corner of the road.

Lyster had a vague impression of broken glass and a man's red, angry face before he wrenched open the door and scrambled out.

The other cab had come off by far the worst of the two; the door had jammed, and all the glass was broken, and behind it Peter caught sight of a girl's white, frightened face.

He got it open after a struggle and helped the girl out.

It was some moments before she could find her voice.

"They had no right to drive so fast—I knew we should have an accident—the police ought not to allow it. And I'm in such a hurry, too—I suppose I shall miss my train."

The police had arrived on the scene and were making copious notes.

"My cab seems fairly undamaged," Peter said to the girl. "If you will let me drive you along—I don't know where you are going."

She told him at once. "I was going to Euston to catch a train, but now I suppose I shall miss it and there'll be nobody to meet me—oh, dear, what shall I do!"

She seemed very helpless, Peter thought with a sense of impatience, even while he felt rather sorry for her.

"What time does the train go?" he asked. "We are not far from Euston—as a matter of fact, I've just come from there myself—I shall be delighted to drive you back."

She accepted readily—it turned out that there was a quarter of an hour in which to catch the train.

She dried her eyes when she heard this, and consented to smile; she looked at Peter interestedly.

"My husband is out in France," she said impulsively. "I suppose nearly everybody's husband is."



Peter caught sight of a girl's white, frightened face.

though—he's just been home on leave." Her voice quivered a little. "It's horrible without him," she added.

"I'm sure it is," Peter said kindly; there was something childish about this girl that appealed to him.

"I used to have a friend living with me," she went on. "But now she's had to go home, and I'm all alone. I've tried to put up with it, but somehow today I felt I couldn't bear it any longer, so I sent Nan a wire, and I'm going down to see her, as she can't come back to live with me."

"Nan!" said Peter sharply.

"Yes, that's her name—Nan Marray; she's such a dear; one of those cheerful people who seem to do you such a lot of good. I felt quite different when she was with me, but now..." She looked away from him out of the window and her little face fell into haggard lines.

After a moment she went on—"She's had heaps of trouble, too—and she's so brave." She looked at him. "I don't know why I'm talking to you like this," she said with an apologetic smile.

"I—I'm flattered that you should," Lyster told her awkwardly.

After a moment he prompted her gently.

"You say your friend has had a lot of trouble. I'm afraid that most women have during the war—"

"But Nan's is different to most people's," she said with a little shake of her head. "It seemed such a cruel kind of trouble, you know. She was engaged to a man—she just adored him—they were to have been married on his next leave, and then..."

"And then," said Peter, as she stopped.

"He was wounded," the girl told him. "And he had a bad shock as well—and when he got better—well, he'd just forgotten all about her—and... that was all."

Peter tried to speak, but no words would come; his hands were locked together, his lips felt cold and dry.

Presently, with an effort, he found his voice, but it sounded cracked and strange to his ears.

"Forgotten all about her?" he said. "I knew a similar case—at least—a man who lost his memory in something the same sort of way..."

"Really?" She looked at him interestedly. "I suppose things like that happen every day out in France, don't they? It must all be such a nightmare—such a horror..." She shivered sensitively. "At first when I told Tim—Tim is my husband," she explained shyly, "he said he thought Peter must be shamming... Did you speak?"

"No," said Peter.

"Tim is like that, you know," she went on. "He's a darling, but he's so matter-of-fact—he didn't believe in the Angels of Mons a bit," she added regretfully.

Peter half smiled.

"I don't think many of us really did," he said whimsically. "But with regard to this—this man..." Peter, I think you said his name was..."

"Yes—Peter Lyster... I never saw him myself, but Nan spoke of him so much I always felt as if I knew him..." She gave a little startled exclamation, leaning towards him. "Oh, are you ill?" she asked anxiously.

Peter pulled himself together with an effort, though he was white to the lips.

"No, no—go on," he said huskily.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL ELECTION

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a special election will be held in the City of Torrance on August 27, 1926, for the purpose of submitting to the electors of the City of Torrance the question hereinafter set forth.

For the purpose of holding said special election the various voting precincts within said city shall be consolidated as follows:

Consolidated Precinct A, comprising all the state and county precincts within the City of Torrance;

and the polling place thereof shall be at the new fire hall of the City of Torrance. The polls shall be open between the hours of 6 o'clock A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M.

The various election officers to serve at said election shall be as follows:

Val J. Benish, inspector Harry N. Warren, Judge Mrs. Ma M. Gilbert, clerk Grace A. Tolson, clerk Florence N. Gramling, clerk Laura G. Anderson, clerk

The ballots to be used at said election shall have printed thereon the following question:

Shall the Ordinance No. 138, being, "An Ordinance of the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance, Providing for the Levy and Collection of a Tax of Ten Cents on each One Hundred Dollars of Assessed Valuation of Property for Parks, Music, and Advertising Purposes, and Providing for an Election to be Held in the City of Torrance to Determine Whether this Ordinance shall become Effective," heretofore adopted by the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance on July 26, 1926, be approved and become effective and a tax of Ten Cents on each One Hundred Dollars of Assessed valuation of all property in the City of Torrance, taxable for municipal purposes be levied and collected each year thereafter until otherwise ordered by ordinance of the City of Torrance?

And immediately opposite said question shall be the words, "Yes," and "No," with voting squares opposite said two words.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance, A. H. BARRYBERT, City Clerk.

(Seal)

Sargent Hardware and Pabco Paint. Consolidated Lumber Co.—Adv.

"And what happened then—what did your friend do?"

"Do! What could she do? She just behaved as if nothing had ever existed between them—she just—let him go."

"And—the man?"

Joan Endicott shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh," she said, "it's not Peter I am sorry for—it's not Peter who wants pitying."

Peter laughed mirthlessly; he leaned his head in his hands for a moment.

"Poor devil!" he said then. "Who knows?"

The taxi had turned into Euston Square, and Peter woke to his surroundings with a start.

He felt as if someone had plunged him into an abyss of darkness and silence, through which he groped vainly in the desire to find a way out.

The taxi was slowing down, and with an effort he roused himself and turned to the girl beside him.

(To Be Continued)

Lighter Cars With Low Costs Attract Country's Motorists

A sudden wave of light car popularity has swept over the country. Wherever automobiles are discussed—and that includes everywhere—the talk turns quickly to economy, high mileage figures, and low operation costs.

Since the motor car has been accepted as an indispensable part of everyday life the whole situation seems to have resolved itself into a question of how cheaply can individual transportation be had?

In the midst of a host of facts and figures pertaining to this subject comes word of an automobile that has been run 65,000 miles, carrying 1000 pounds over rough country roads, with a total repair cost of \$28.90.

In view of the fact that gas and tires are comparatively inexpensive nowadays, and considering that the distance traveled by the vehicle in question is equivalent to nearly

three times around the world, it would appear that at last the pinnacle of economical transportation has been achieved.

The car was driven by Ralph Clearwaters on a newspaper route between Spokane and Newport, Wash., continuously from March, 1925, to July, 1926. It was a 1925 Chevrolet touring car.

C. H. Wells, who heads the Chevrolet dealership in Seattle, secured possession of the record-breaking carrier for use in a 100-hour daylight endurance run recently staged in the Puget Sound city.

With hood officially sealed by newspaper men, the Chevrolet was operated about the streets for the test. Ordinarily, in demonstrations of this nature, a new car is used. Wells, however, selected a veteran that already had done a "life's work," thereby proving to the motoring public that the era of light car economy is already here.

(Political Advertising)

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